

JAN. 25, 1904.

See the News in Photographs on Pages 5, 8 & 9

# The Daily ILLUSTRATED Mirror.

Yesterday's Events in Pictures.

See the News through the Camera.

No. 72.

Registered at the G. P. O. as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1904.

One Penny.

## JAPAN RESENTS RUSSIAN DELAY.

USEFUL Winter Coat of good condition; E2 10s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VERY dainty Tea Jacket of cream silk with large collar over green ribbon; E2 10s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WARM grey zibeline Winter Coat with wide collar, lined with black silk; E2 10s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG lady's Dance Dress of pale grey ray pleated silk, fitted with bows and beads bodice; quite trim; E2 10s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WANTED, Sabre or Moleskin Sabre, new, condition "good." Price 7s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

Americans and Private Collectors—Offered to lady of Napoleon, for disposal, a diamond bracelet, with a diamond brooch, price asked; no dealer. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EAR Carriage Ring; dark brown, 18 carat gold, mounted; new; 42s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDSOME turquoise and diamond bracelet; cost double. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY going abroad has two handsome rings, one gold, one silver, with diamonds, and a diamond ring; sacrifice. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY part with 18 carat gold, and a diamond ring; sacrifice. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY wishes to sell Service silver knives, carvers, and forks; 27s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

LADY'S MAID sacrificed a diamond bracelet, with centre heart of turquoise and gold, and a diamond ring; sacrifice. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SILVER Wedding Gifts—6-guineas hand-made silver Sugar and Creamer, with silver Tongs, fitted in case; 12s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SOLID mahogany Card Table; good condition. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SIX solid silver Georgian Tea-set; good condition; thick case; 32s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

TWO large size; good as new; 6s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WATER-COLOUR. Oil Paintings, Pictures, Indian school, on d' B. S. 5s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Japanese impatience at the long delay in Russia's trip is increasing, and the newspapers continue to urge that time should not be lost in diplomatic trifling.

Considerable anxiety is felt in Russia regarding the suspicious movements of Chinese troops.

SPY FEVER IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, Monday.

A man named Takashima, who has been acting as Japanese interpreter to the Russian attaché, was arrested as a suspected spy on Saturday. He will be removed to Yokohama for trial.

There is a strong feeling of suspicion against other persons.—Reuter.

FORECAST OF THE REPLY.

BERLIN, Monday.

In diplomatic circles it is stated that owing to Russia's conviction that Japan is determined to make the irreducible minimum of her claims a fighting issue, Russia has framed a conciliatory answer to the last Japanese Note, which answer is not ready for despatch.

The reply, it is said, embodies important concessions regard to the Japanese demands in respect to China's sovereignty in Manchuria. These, it is hoped, will be sufficient to assure peace and prevent the powerful war party in Japan from obtaining the upper hand and forcing on war, an eventually people here regard as inevitable should Russia's reply be unfavourable.—Reuter.

## DISGUISED POLICE AS LOOTERS.

NEW YORK, Monday.

A telegram from Seoul states that Korean soldiers and police, disguised as robbers, have broken into the houses of all wealthy natives at Pyongyang, and the foreign residents are very uneasy.

SUSPICIOUS CHINESE MOVEMENTS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The following telegram has been received here from Port Arthur:—

According to a Chinese native paper the Chinese General Ma, at the head of twenty regi-

## CAUGHT CAROLINE'S EYES.

Certified Nurse Considerably Annoys a Curate.

Carpet-slippers are not always the only annoyance to which curates are subject.

Caroline Fox, a certified nurse, of Burley, became infatuated with the Rev. A. R. Light, curate of Headingley.

In the course of his duty he called, and she returned the call. Very soon she thought he was in love with her. She wrote letters, and again letters. She "weeded" (in one) to see him. She threatened him.

He will never marry another woman, never die without making peace with me; so the sooner he does the better." This was one of the threats for which she was summoned at Leeds yesterday.

In defence Miss Fox contended that the curate hid behind the school every morning, looked out, and caught her eyes, as one should say "Here I am!"

She was called upon to enter into a recognition of £20 and to find one surety of £20 to be of good behaviour for twelve months.

## MANY MINERS ENTOMBED.

125 Men Believed to be Sacrificed by an Explosion.

As the result of an explosion, 125 men are entombed in the shaft of the Harwick Coal Company in Pennsylvania. It is feared (says Reuter) that all those in the pit were killed by concussion or firedamp.

The mine is almost completely wrecked and has caved in. It is doubtful whether any of the men will be brought to the surface alive.

The mines in the vicinity have sent help, and excited gangs are trying to clear a passage to the entrance. It is, however, impossible to begin the work of rescue until the after-damp has been driven out by compressed air.

It appears, says a later telegram, that a cage, after taking several coal cars to the surface, was lowered again with a mule on board. Just as it reached the bottom the explosion occurred, and the cage was hurled through the roof of the mine.

The charred and mutilated body of the mule was subsequently found 200 feet from the mouth of the shaft.

## WOMEN AND THE FRANCHISE.

Replying to a deputation from the Women's Liberal Federation yesterday, Mr. John Morley said he was convinced of the soundness of the view that the Parliamentary franchise was the only effective way of securing the just claim of women to a full and direct share in the social work most concerning their interests. He added that he spoke only for himself, and not for any other member of the Liberal Party.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, who was also interviewed, said he believed the country was becoming more and more favourable to the enfranchisement of women.



ARTHUR LYNCH,  
now allowed to go free.

Mr. Freeman Cohen died suddenly yesterday at Woking, says a Reuter's telegram. He was ordered—died—Fabian, d' B. S. 5s. "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Printed and Published by W. D. BOONE, E.C.—London, January 25, 1904.

## TRIUMPH OF MODESTY.



Mlle. Madeleine Carlier, the Paris actress, who broke a contract because she was asked to wear an improper costume, and won her case in the courts.

George Maddens, for some time captain of the barge Sarah and Ann, of Whistable, met with a tragic death in the recent fog. Mistaking his way while walking on a Greenwich wharf, he fell on to the deck of his barge, fracturing his skull.

Yesterday afternoon the King and Queen paid a private visit to the Gordon Boys' Home at Woking, in which they have always taken a great interest. His Majesty spoke a few words of advice to the boys.

## DAGO v. HODGE.

Startling Proposal of Italian Labour for Our Farms.

We have already the alien question in its acutes forms in our towns: Italy has been considering the question of "dumping" her peasants in our country districts. But the prospect of an Italianised Sussex or Dorset is still far distant, for the report of Signor Righetti, the Italian Vice-Consul in London, is not promising.

After making inquiries, on the suggestion of his Government, on the opportunities Italian emigrants would have as farm hands in Great Britain, Signor Righetti reports (says Reuter) that he has come to the conclusion that agriculture is being gradually abandoned in this country, and that this will go on owing to the impossibility of making the cultivation of land a remunerative occupation.

Free trade and industrial development have caused the decadence of agriculture, and there is not enough work even for the English and Irish peasants.

"It," continues the report, "there were a real demand for agricultural labour, Italian labourers would be well received in the United Kingdom; but, as there is no such demand, an immigration of Italians would not be favourably received. Public opinion is on the whole against foreign labourers, and a Parliamentary Commission is now engaged in studying how such immigration can best be checked."

Signor Righetti, in short, thinks England is not the country to which the Italian peasant could emigrate with benefit, especially as he could not become an owner of the land he cultivated.

## POLITE BUT PASSIVE.

Resister Courts Distraint and Regrets His Affluence.

A Mr. Walter Warren regrets:—

"That any enlightened English Government should try and compel me to pay for the propagation of religious views with which I do not agree;

"That I should give you (who have had nothing to do with the inquisitorial imposition) the smallest trouble; and

"That I have any goods upon which it is possible to distract, and, therefore, no chance of resisting payment to the extreme of a demand which is such a flagrant violation of constitutional right, common-sense, and justice."

Mr. Warren's regrets were posted to the rate-collector with a cheque in payment of his rates, less 3s. 9d., the amount he estimated would be required by the Voluntary schools.

This polite letter-writer is a barrister, a member of the Finchley District Council, and president of the local ratepayers' association.

He is now awaiting the consequences of his rash act.

## Catholic v. Protestant.

## Great Firms Deny That Religion is a Bar to Employment in Ireland.

Commenting upon the statement that the Catholic Association is trying to bring about a boycott of Protestants by Catholic employers and traders, a correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* recently wrote:—

It is a notorious fact that a mere Catholic stands a ghostly chance of even clerical work at Guinness's Brewery, the Great Northern (of Ireland) Railway, the Midland, the G.W.R., etc.

I myself have been turned away from one great Irish firm because I happened to belong to the "idolatrous crew."

The *Daily Mirror* has now received the following letters from several of the great employers of labour in Ireland, four of whom repudiate the statement made by Carraig Bhaidhle, the fifth, Messrs. Guinness, preferring to remain silent.

Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd., who are at the head of the Belfast linen industry, write:—

"We beg to state that in engaging employees we do not inquire as to what religious persuasion they belong to, and although we are a Protestant firm, we believe we have hundreds of Catholics in our employ."

Mr. Joseph Tatlow, the manager of the Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, writes:—

"I beg to inform you that religious questions do not, in any way, influence, nor have they ever influenced, this company in the appointment or promotion of their employees."

Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the famous Belfast shipbuilders, write:—

"We need hardly say that the question of religion

never enters into our consideration. We employ sometimes over 12,000 men, and to inquire into their religion would be out of the question even if we felt disposed to do so, which we should not.

"We make no distinctions between Protestants and Catholics when engaging men; it would be absurd to do so."

"Competence, so far as it can be ascertained, is the only passport into our employment."

The Secretary of the Great Northern of Ireland Railway writes: "I am desired to give you the following extract from a newspaper report of my chairman's address to the proprietors at the last yearly meeting of the company, in August, 1903, viz:—

A gentleman spoke as to the employment of Roman Catholics. He (the chairman) wished to say that they (the company) knew nothing whatever of distinction in politics or religion with regard to those they employed. If any specified grievance could be shown supported by proof the Board would be only too pleased to have a most careful investigation made into the matter.

And I am to add that precisely the same principles actuate the company at the present time."

Messrs. Guinness, the great brewers, inform us that it is contrary to their practice to reply to statements which may appear in the public Press.

## MAN WITH MANY MEMORIES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

GENEVA, Monday.

The last diligence on the St. Gotthard route has made its last journey, and thus disappears one of the most picturesque personages in this country, the driver—Michel Daniot.

Daniot has regularly carried the post and passengers from Flüelen to Camerlata for the last thirty years, and has been in the Government service for fifty-three years.

Before the Gotthard tunnel was pierced everybody coming or going to Italy used the Gotthard post, and Daniot, bluff and good-natured, was a great favourite with all.

Many great men have occupied the box-seat with Daniot, whose reminiscences would fill a good-sized book.

"Yes, the good old times have gone by," he said in a husky voice, as he quitted his beloved seat for the last time, and watched the old diligence disappearing in the courtyard.

The body of a young woman, respectably dressed, was last evening found floating in the River Thames at Windsor.

## MUCH DEPENDS ON A VERDICT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Sunday.

On the 9th of next month the Courts here will be occupied with a case interesting to the whole of Europe. It is a question of the money of the late Queen of the Belgians.

The action is taken by the Parisian creditors of Princess Louise of Coburg and Princess Stephanie, now Countess Lonay. The latter has charged Maitre Paul Janson, deputy of Brussels, with her interests, and counsel will plead in her name that late Queen Henrietta's wealth was held in common with that of the King—that, in fact, there was a community of fortune.

If this claim is admitted, it will mean much for King Leopold's daughters. Instead of their fortune being put at £6,000 each, it will be increased to £20,000.

Two curious accidents are reported from Norfolk. At Tolfræs a widow was found drowned in a water-butt, while a boy entering a shop at Reepham was killed by the sudden fall of an iron column.

## PRICE OF "PARADISE LOST."

£4,750 Refused for MS. that Milton Sold for £5.

Milton earned £5 by the copyright of his "Paradise Lost." Such was the price of literary work in the seventeenth century.

Yesterday the MS. of Book I. of the epic, recently discovered, was bought in at £5,000. It had been many weeks of suspense, less such a treasure should leave the country, and enormous wealth was taken in the auction. Seldom has the big room at Sotheby's been so thronged.

The manuscript lay upon the glass frame, the manuscript, enclosed in a glass frame. Those who could get near enough peered at the faded, somewhat irregular writing. Others, who could not, gazed in an energetic whispers.

Mr. Hodge, the auctioneer, was greeted by faint clapping of hands as he ascended the rostrum. The volume, "said Mr. Hodge, "was the most important, from a national point of view, ever offered for public sale."

There was a momentary silence after the auctioneer's appeal for bids. "Now, gentlemen, ready-met," said Mr. Hodge, reprovingly, and a voice in the corner offered £50.

"Let us start with £100," and the auctioneer Sotheby's own assistants, buying for a client, called the figure to £150. From the opposite corner of the room came another voice. "Two hundred."

Probably Going to France.

Then there were cries of "Fifty," "Fifty," "Four hundred," and so on, up to £1,000. After that the figures mounted by hundreds. There was no sound save the auctioneer's voice. A nod here, nod there, and the bids mounted steadily. At £23,000 one bidder fell out. At £23,150 a noticeable pause came.

"Dear me! dear me!" gentlemen," said Mr. Hodge, "it's not half enough yet," said Mr. Quarfield, looking appealingly towards London's most famous bookseller, but Mr. Quarfield made no sign.

Almost reluctantly the bidding went forward again. There was no excitement, there was no eager competition. A long pause followed.

Mr. Hodge smiled pathetically. "Come, come," he said, "it's not enough yet."

Two more bids were made. Mr. Ellis had offered £4,750. A long silence followed. But the auctioneer did not raise his hammer.

"I can't accept that," and he gave a final glance at the group on his left. "Then I must buy it myself," he continued, "for £5,000."

An almost inaudible hum sounded in the room and the crowd melted quietly away.

M. Louis Bihl, the Paris bookseller, who had made no bid, then approached the rostrum and asked if £5,000 would be accepted. "Yes," said Mr. Hodge, and M. Bihl desired two or three days to notify a client. He could, he thought, get that price.

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# COUNTY COURT JUDGE SEVERELY CENSURED.

Judge Emden's Altercation With Counsel is Condemned by the Lord Chief Justice and a New Trial is Ordered.

## MR. LAWSON WALTON'S TURN

Oratorical Charm Follows Statistical Lucidity in the Whitaker Wright Trial.

The second of the three great speeches of the Whitaker Wright trial was delivered yesterday.

On Friday last Mr. Isaacs gave his memorable speech. To-morrow Mr. Justice Bigham will make a pronouncement on company law and morality that will be probably treasured up in legal books for centuries.

The second speech of the trio was an impasioned appeal to the jury on the defendant's behalf by Mr. Lawson Walton, and supplied a complement for any deficiency in the flowers of rhetoric that the other speeches may be considered to show.

In fact, Mr. Lawson Walton's effort contained enough oratorical charm to garnish fifty final speeches.

Mr. Lawson Walton has all the arts of the orator at his finger ends. Pathos, indignation, argument, persuasion, sarcasm, frankness, one might almost say fury, are equally at his command. Yesterday he brought into requisition the whole of his repertoire.

### Indignation.

It was indignation that he had most recourse to during the opening part of his speech. He drew a picture of the "undisguised vindictiveness" of the prosecution, a prosecution "that had submitted Mr. Whitaker Wright both by question and innuendo to accusations of every kind of duplicity, of falsehood, and of misrepresentation."

Deftly turning from indignation to pathos, Mr. Walton called attention to the position of Mr. Wright and his family face to face with impending ruin unless the jury took the right course.

Then, again, indignation held sway when Mr. Walton asked where were Mr. Wright's co-directors; the men who sat with him at the board meetings? Two of them, Lord Dufferin and Lord Loch, were dead, and if these two had been alive no one would have dared to bring such charges against them as were now brought against Mr. Wright.

Yet there were other directors still alive, Mr. Leman and Lord Pelham Clinton among them. Why did they not take their places by Mr. Wright's side, if not as defendants, at any rate as witnesses?

### Sarcasm.

Calling sarcasm to his aid in the climax that followed, Mr. Walton pointed out that these directors were not waxworks worked by strings pulled by Mr. Wright.

When he came to the figures, among which Mr. Isaacs had performed so valiantly, Mr. Walton employed argument and persuasion, and was almost his learned friend's equal in the readiness and dexterity with which he handled options and toyed with balance-sheets.

The peroration was worthy of the speech, and culminated with a passage of extreme eloquence, in which Mr. Walton conjured the jury to do their duty like Englishmen, by finding Mr. Wright not guilty.

The technique and skill of Mr. Walton's speech were pleasing to everybody in court, but to no one were his words more pleasing than to Mr. Whitaker Wright, on whose unemotional face gratification from time to time was palpably marked.

It is expected that the verdict will be arrived at some time this afternoon.

## CLERKLY IGNORANCE.

Magistrates' Courts Disagree as to Their Powers Over Stage-Children.

An application was made yesterday to the Windsor magistrates by the manager of the "No Cross No Crown" Company for a licence to enable a girl under fourteen to appear at the local theatre. The clerk to the magistrates said a new Act came into force on January 1 to the effect that no child under fourteen could be employed at a theatre after nine o'clock at night.

On the applicant remarking that he had obtained a licence at Dover the clerk replied that perhaps the clerk there had not heard of the new Act. The magistrates decided to grant a licence only up to nine o'clock, which the applicant accepted.

A legal correspondent remarks that the justices' clerk at Windsor has hardly read very deeply into the Act he claims to interpret or he would have noticed that although by Section 3 no child under fourteen may be employed after nine p.m. an entirely new element is introduced into the Act by Section 2.

This re-enacts the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act of 1894, and under this latter Act the magistrates have power to vary generally the time during which a child may be licensed to perform. As a matter of fact, at Bow-street and other metropolitan courts, children under fourteen have since January 1 been licensed to appear after nine, and in a particular instance last Monday the magistrate mentioned eleven o'clock as the time when the children were to leave the house of entertainment.

Simms's cat stole a haddock and ran upstairs with it. Simms threw a jug, the first thing he did, which hit Mrs. Simms. So said Simms, but he was given three months for the accident.

"Commercial travellers have to drink a good deal," Mr. Fordham believes. "Whisky and soda after whisky and soda shortens a man's life, and though he may not get drunk, he is generally under the influence of drink."

Judge Emden's outspokness in the course of a case before him at Lambeth County Court has brought down upon him a severe rebuke from the Lord Chief Justice.

The case was that of Crabbe and others v. Lee and another, in which a Mr. Joseph George Joseph appeared as counsel for defendants, from whom it was sought to recover £27 odd on the plea that it had been improperly deducted from commission in a certain transaction. The action came to an abrupt termination, for Mr. Joseph, complaining that he could not obtain a fair hearing, and was deprived, by the action of Judge Emden, of his right to cross-examine, retired from the case.

Subsequently a rule nisi was obtained for the removal of the trial from the Lambeth County Court into the High Court for a writ of prohibition preventing the Judge of that Court from hearing it on the ground that there would be a denial of justice to the defendants if the case proceeded in the County Court.

Yesterday the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Wills, and Mr. Justice Kennedy were asked to consider the question as to whether the rule should be made absolute.

During the cross-examination of Mrs. Crabbe,

the plaintiff, and of Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Joseph was, it was said, continuously interrupted by the Judge, who said, "I would soon dispose of this case if I were alone."

Mr. Joseph told the judge that he interposed at almost every question he put. The judge rejoined that that was absolutely false, and, unless counsel apologised, he could not proceed with the case. Mr. Joseph said he had nothing to apologise for, and he was then told to sit down, as the learned judge could not hear him after his conduct, which he considered disgraceful.

Affidavits, on the other hand, were read to the effect that what took place had been greatly exaggerated and distorted by the other side.

The Lord Chief Justice said the case raised a matter of very grave and serious character. He certainly thought that at an early stage of the plaintiff's case the judge seemed to have interposed in a way which would not conduce to the impartial hearing of the case. All that took place culminated in an altercation which was most unseemly.

The action of Judge Emden was deeply to be regretted, the Lord Chief Justice added, and he ordered the case to be tried in the King's Bench Division.

## MARGUERITE CORNEILLE.



The charming little music hall artiste.

## MARRIAGE TROUBLES OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

### ARMY

Mrs. St. John Brodrick married a captain in the Army—Captain Laurence St. John Brodrick.

Captain Brodrick proved unfaithful, in a way that, fortunately, and in spite of unkind proverbs to the contrary, they do not often have in the Navy.

Mrs. Brodrick told the President of the Divorce Court yesterday that she was married to the faithless soldier in 1892.

In 1902 he left her to go to South Africa.

After he had gone she discovered, by opening a letter addressed to him, that he was compromised with another woman, a former domestic servant, and that a child had been born of this intrigue. It was a letter about money for the child that was opened.

From the very first the marriage had been an unhappy one.

Mrs. Brodrick obtained a decree of judicial separation.

### AND NAVY.

Mrs. Gertrude Morrissey married a lieutenant in the Navy—Lieutenant Richard Patrick Morrissey.

Lieutenant Morrissey proved unfaithful, in a way that, fortunately, and in spite of unkind proverbs to the contrary, they do not often have in the Navy.

Mrs. Morrissey told the President of the Divorce Court yesterday that she was married to the faithless sailor in 1892.

Four days afterwards he left her to go to China. After he had gone she discovered that he was not true to her.

The three days that their married life together lasted were very unhappy. On the wedding night the sailor was absent from home until two a.m. On the second night he was "three sheets in the wind" and took a sleeping draught. On the third night he came home "half seas over."

Mrs. Morrissey obtained a decree nisi,

JAN. 26, 1904.

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SH

How Mile. Alix Leape Her Fate from the Ring Death.

There has been a terrible accident at the Circus, the victim being Miss Mina Alix, an American girl who, it will be recollect, appeared at the London Hippodrome. It happened in this way. During the time of "The Ring of Death" Miss Alix was to go "up the loop" in the car started on its course and a few seconds later it was

There was a wrong. Instead of keeping to the rails the car went off the track and was stated to be doubtful.

The young lady sustained very serious injuries and was created a most painful impression.

When Alix appeared at the Hippodrome she was wrong.

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ENSURED.

the Lord Chief

"ONEL" LYNCH FREE.

looked ill, and went away with his wife to recuperate before coming to London.

"ONEL" Lynch, a year ago, was sentenced on a charge of treason-felony for fighting his fellow-countrymen in South Africa. The sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude.

He will have full personal liberty. He may leave the country, but he must not sit in any place, or take any position of trust. It is not expected that he will be expected to do this. It was of Mr. Michael Davitt, and the may be withdrawn in quite a short time. On Saturday night "Colonel" Lynch's first heard of his forthcoming release. They were asked if the whereabouts of Miss Alix could be immediately supplied, but he added that this was not to be taken as an indication that Lynch was to be released. Instead of keeping to the rails the car fell, and the young lady sustained very serious injury. Her recovery is stated to be doubtful. The accident created a most painful impression in the audience, several ladies fainting.

When appearing at the Hippodrome last year, Miss Alix escaped any serious mishap, and her

illness was attributed to the effects of the long journey and a few seconds later it was seen something was wrong.

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## SHATTERED TO MAKE A SPANISH HOLIDAY.

How Mlle. Alix Leaped to Her Fate from the Ring of Death.

There has been a terrible accident at the Madrid Circus, the victim being Miss Mina Alix, a young American girl who, it will be recollect, last June appeared at the London Hippodrome.

It happened in this way. During the turn called "The King of Death" Miss Alix was to go through the act of "looping the loop" in her motor-car. At the word "go" the car started on its headlong journey and a few seconds later it was seen something was wrong.

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AALESUND AS IT WAS.



Busy and full of life on Friday, Aalesund is now a desolate fire-swept ruin.

kind, and it is worth while noting that in England, thanks to excellent management, the possibility of danger has been reduced to a minimum. One can but admire the courage displayed by the young lady under circumstances many would not care to face.

## THE PERFECT WOMAN.

Why Miss Oxley Won't Wear Corsets.

Leicester is in the unique position of possessing the English physical culture champions of both sexes. This happy state of affairs has been brought about by the arrival of Miss Annie Oxley, who won the All-England Championship and the fourth place in the New York International contest.

Miss Oxley, who is twenty years of age, stands 5 ft. 4 1/2 in., and possesses an unquestionably fine figure. She strongly disapproves of the wearing of corsets, but believes in light clothing hanging from the shoulders, and not from the hips. She is also adverse to collars round the neck, and is a very strong advocate of rational footwear. Her methods of physical training include swimming, walking, cycling, dumb-bells, and chest expanders.

## ROYAL CALLS.

The Prince of Wales will be Present at Lincoln's Inn "Grand Night."

The Prince of Wales will undertake the task of "calling" seventeen gentlemen to the Bar to-night, when, in his capacity of treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, he dines in hall. The occasion is "Grand Night" as well as "call" night, and though his Royal Highness has before to-night dined with the Benchers, this will be his first appearance in his official capacity.

The ceremony of "calling" is to be postponed until after dinner to suit the Prince's convenience, but no alteration will be made with respect to the Tancred oration, always given on "Grand Day" in Hilary term. Mr. J. R. Lort-Williams is Tancred student this year.

The King, when treasurer of the Middle Temple, personally "called" the students on one occasion, so that the Prince of Wales will be only following the example of his royal father.

Additional accommodation is to be provided in the hall for the exceptionally large attendance of barristers expected, and among the distinguished guests invited by the Benchers are Prince Louis of Battenberg, Admiral Sir John Fisher, Major-General Kelly-Kenny, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Treasurer of the Middle Temple, and the Treasurer of Gray's Inn.

Should his Royal Highness find himself at the last moment unable to "call," the duty will be performed by the Lord Chief Justice, as acting treasurer.

## FOR THE SHIVERING POOR.

"Funds" of all descriptions make their appeal to the charitable, but, this cold weather, none is more deserving of support than the "Emergency Quilt Fund," which not only supplies the desperately poor with a bed covering, but also affords work to the needy wives and widows of soldiers and sailors working under the War Employment Bureau.

The quilts are distributed most carefully through Church, Nonconformist, and nursing agencies to the most necessitous cases, and the gratitude is genuine. Every sovereign subscribed provides seven poor homes with a large, bright, warm quilt.

Contributions, however large or small, will be most gratefully received by S. H. Benson, the honorary treasurer, Emergency Quilt Fund, 1, Tudor-street, London, E.C.

## LIGHT AND LOVE-MAKING.

There is weeping and wailing among the youth of Clapham, for the paths of the Common are to be illuminated with incandescent lamps.

The ideas of the younger suberbantes as to the

advisability of light vary exceedingly. If you walk out in Brixton, then have as much light as possible, for the girls of the neighbourhood are locally thought to be better dressed than those in other suburbs, and the dash of the young men is proverbial. To be seen together in a well-lit thoroughfare four nights running is tantamount to the announcement of a "marriage arranged."

But Clapham has a reputation for rustic simplicity, and the inhabitants must live up to it. Who ever heard of lovers' lanes and heather-clad

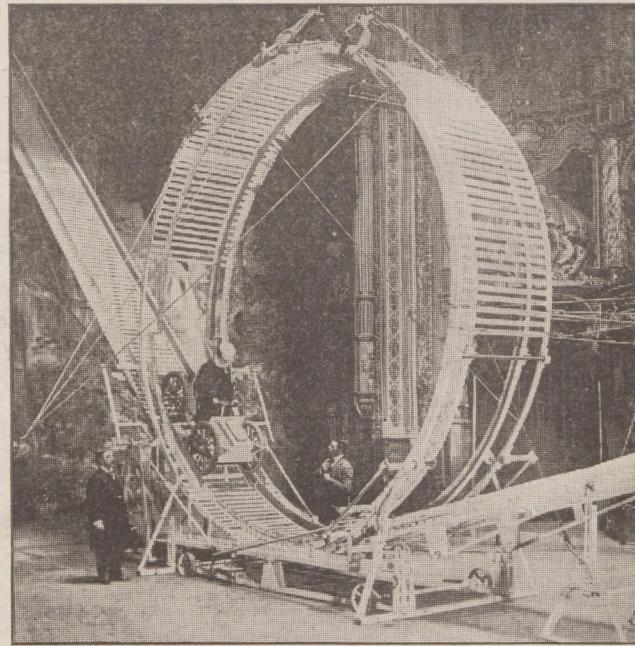
stars, and the girls will have to spend far more on hats and foppish, otherwise some rival from another suburb may outshine them.

## "TREASURE HUNT" IN SWITZERLAND.

A Geneva tradesman's wife, leaving for the theatre, hid 400 francs and her jewels in the dustbin, they were emptied into the dustbin and dumped on the refuse heap.

A gendarme and some friends, provided with

## MADAME ALIX ON HER TERRIBLE RIDE.



It was at this point Mlle. Alix shot fearfully from the track.

(Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.)

moors being lighted with incandescent light by an interfering municipal council?

It will be impossible to study the moon and the

shovels and pickaxes, conducted some treasure-hunting on the refuse field, and finally the money and jewels were found mixed up with potato skins.



MR. THOMAS HARDY,  
by his book "The Dynasts," has opened up a  
new method of play-writing.



THE LATE SIR F. SEAGER HUNT,  
Thirteen years member of Parliament, and  
chairman of many companies.

(Photo by Russell.)

## THE ROMANCE OF THE CORELLI FARTHING FUND.



Mr. Winter counting the farthings.

## The Pile of Farthings for the Stratford Hospital Grows Every Day.

The Corelli-Winter Farthing Fund grows apace. Seldom has the result of a libel action exhibited such a praiseworthy philanthropic sequel.

Armed with a notebook and a camera a *Daily Mirror* reporter made a descent on sleepy Strat-

ford, where Miss Marie Corelli then entered the lists, and a paper battle began.

Miss Corelli, who is a self-constituted guardian of everything Shakespearean, objected to the proposed site. It was too near the cottage where Shakespeare was born. It would necessitate the demolition of four old cottages which, Miss Corelli contended, were contemporary with Shakespeare and so must be preserved at all costs.

The paper controversy came to a head when Mr. Fred Winter, a Stratford-on-Avon councillor, wrote

of Carnegie, she would have supported the scheme."

This was too much for Miss Corelli, and she took action for libel.

The case went in her favour, but the jury allowed her only one farthing damages and no costs.

The farthing was duly paid, but returned by Miss Corelli, with a characteristic letter.

"She was happy," she wrote, "to present Mr. Winter with the damages granted by the jury, as a contribution to one of the many Stratford charities he no doubt supports."

Mr. Winter thought that this was meant to be "studiously offensive," to use his own words, but did as Miss Corelli suggested, and additional contributions from sympathisers flowed in. The charity chosen was the Stratford Hospital.

When the fund had risen to 12,000 farthings, Miss Corelli forwarded a cheque for a corresponding number, but, owing to the protests of other subscribers, Mr. Winter returned the cheque.

## Over Fifty-Five Yards of Farthings.

The first thing our reporter did on his arrival in Stratford was to call on Mr. Winter and hear all about the farthings.

From the very moment that the idea of starting a fund was mooted, farthings came in from all parts of the country in ever-increasing numbers. At the present time there are over 32,000 of them, all carefully packed away in bags of one sovereign's worth each.

It is strange when a lot of farthings go to make up a small sum of money, and 32,000 farthings only amount to £23 0s. 8d. But they take up a lot of room.

Lying one upon another, sixteen farthings are a pile an inch high, and the whole 32,000 would reach a height of 166 feet 8 inches.

Mr. Winter is about five feet eight inches in



MISS MARIE CORELLI.

to have been demolished to make way for the library. The two nearest to the Shakespeare site are plain-looking brick cottages, with no pretence to age at a first glance. Underneath the brick, however, are the old beams and plaster.

The other two cottages are already being reconstructed. The bricks and plaster have been removed and the skeleton of old fifteenth century



Mr. Winter exhibits the farthing which the Court awarded.

height, so the farthings would make twenty-nine and a half piles as high as their collector.

Laid in a long straight line, the farthings would reach for over 700 yards, and would make a double pathway from Miss Corelli's house, past Mr. Winter's shop, as far as the much-discussed cottages.

Carefully wrapped in paper and zealously guarded by Mr. Winter is the original farthing.

At the next Shakespeare festival this famous farthing is to be raffled for the benefit of the fund, and will probably bring in a good sum. It is certainly the most celebrated farthing in Great Britain.

Mr. Winter never allows it out of his sight, and carries it about with him wherever he goes.

He has also a collection of old farthings, which have been sent to him from all parts. There are about forty of them altogether, and they will be valued by an expert and sold. Many of them date back to the reign of George III.

Whether the farthing fund will raise enough money to pay off the debt of £230 on the Stratford

oak beams has been left standing. The walls will be refilled with plaster in exact imitation of the other existing old cottages.

When finished they will form a museum of manuscripts, and will be open for the use of students.

They were last used as a shop under the name of "The Old Crock Shop."

## THE KING AND THE CARPENTERS.

King Edward is taking great interest in the preparation of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for the wedding of Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander of Teck.

The Dean and Mr. A. Y. Nutt met his Majesty yesterday, and accompanied him to the Chapel.

Workmen were busy putting the awning up over the steps at the west door, and the King moved about among them as they sawed and planed the rough wood, examining every detail, and giving instructions as to the decoration of the interior.

Every room in the Castle will be occupied for

St. Patrick is credited

fiscally

AMUSEMENTS.

JOSEPH ENTANGLED.

TO HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

THE WIDOW.

WEDNESDAY.

SATURDAY.

THEATRE.

TO NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING.

THE KING.

TO THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

BY DAVID BELASCO AND JOHN LOTHROP.

EDWARD.

WEDNESDAY.

THEATRE.

TO THE NEW MONSIEUR BEAUAURE.

LAS.

THE KING AND THE CARPENTERS.

TO THE KING.

BY GEORGE ALI.

EDWARD.

WEDNESDAY.

THEATRE.

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## PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING PEOPLE

## "RITA" ON THE RAMPAGE.

## Where She Got the Material for Her "Smart Set" Articles.

"Rita" has written a long letter to the *Daily Mirror* with reference to our article upon her "smart set" articles in book form.

The following are the heads of her complaint:

If anything deserves to be called "hysterical" it surely is the outburst of your contributor of the 22nd inst. She indulges in a paroxysm of rage because my articles on the "smart" set have been re-issued in a 1s. booklet.

As she is so exceedingly fond of telling me that I know nothing of what I am writing about, I feel inclined to return the compliment.

In the first place, my articles, so far from being received with laughter and derision by the public—(exclusive of *Daily Mirror* contributors)—were so exhaustively redemanded that the editor of the "Gentlewoman" has seen

Maxwell, who, presiding yesterday at the London and Provincial Bank meeting, said the annual State expenditure had grown from £108,000,000 in 1889 to £143,500,000 in 1903-4.

Municipal expenditure showed an even more rapid growth. For the year 1881 the total municipal expenditure in the country was £63,000,000. Ten years later it had grown to £71,000,000, and in 1901 it amounted to £134,000,000. We had now approached the limits of municipal expenditure, and must be more chary in future.

## LEAKAGE OF LIFE.

## Mothers' Ignorance Fatal to Hundreds of Young Children.

The infant mortality in some parts of London is simply appalling.

In Bethnal-green, during the last three months 923 children were born, while 181 died under the age of one year. This, if the figures can be taken as representing the average birth and death rates

## ART IN THE CAMERA.



Photo by

A Childish Reverie.

(Lottie Charles)

fit to bring them out in a complete form. They are his property—not mine; and I did not publish them.

Secondly, let me ask your correspondent why she persists in saying I have no information on the subject of the "Smart Set"? As it happens, I had the best and most authentic details before I wrote, or, rather, was asked to write, on their vagaries.

Is it quite impossible for an onlooker to see the best of the game?

I have noted with some amusement that, since abusing my articles for their unveracity, the *Daily Mirror* has actually published paragraphs containing similar indictments against society.

In conclusion, I would inform your contributor that I had no need to advertise myself—or earn a "cheap" notoriety by means of my prides—or even by the kindly notice of "bogus duchesses" and titled correspondents in the *Mirror*.

I trust my literary reputation is founded on sufficiently sure grounds to be independent even of a libel action, or the criticism of an unsigned article by an anonymous and, evidently, spiteful writer!

We have no comment to offer save this—that those who use the strongest language about others are often the most sensitive to any kind of criticism themselves.

## MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

All our leading financiers are troubled over the enormous increase in municipal expenditure. The latest to deal with the question was Sir Herbert

in Bethnal-green, means that one baby in five dies before it is twelve months old!

Of course, the ordinary death-rate among young children is very high; but in Hampstead and Lewisham scarcely more than one in nine dies at such a tender age, and it is therefore obvious that a shocking number of helpless infants must be unnecessarily sacrificed in districts like Bethnal-green and Shoreditch.

The medical officer for the former district gives an interesting explanation of the chief causes of this state of things, and also raises a point which those in favour of checking alien immigration will do well to make a note of.

## The Alien Again.

"Considering the poverty and crowded state of the district," he said, "our infant mortality used to be fairly low, but latterly it has gone up through the alien immigrants who swarm in this neighbourhood. The filthy, ignorant paupers who come to this country from various parts of the Continent have no idea of the way to treat children, and their habits affect the health of the whole district.

"Did you notice that woman and child who have just gone out? They are fair specimens of the class. The woman has been feeding the child on the same sort of food she is eating herself. Of course the child is utterly unable to digest it. Many of the women round here kill their children in this way, but these aliens are the worst offenders."

"That same woman has not washed it for at least a week, and it is in an unspeakably filthy condition. In addition to these two great causes of infants' deaths, these people keep their babies in the same bed with them—a most dangerous and

## THE ROYAL GHOSTS.



A Servian Picture Postcard, which has been suppressed by the police in Belgrade as an unpleasant reminder of King Alexander's and Queen Draga's fate.

reprehensible habit, which is responsible for the loss of many lives.

"What can we do? It is difficult to say. Very few of them can read English, so it is no use sending them anything written or printed. I suppose the only course is to send round district visitors to explain things and try to persuade them into better habits."

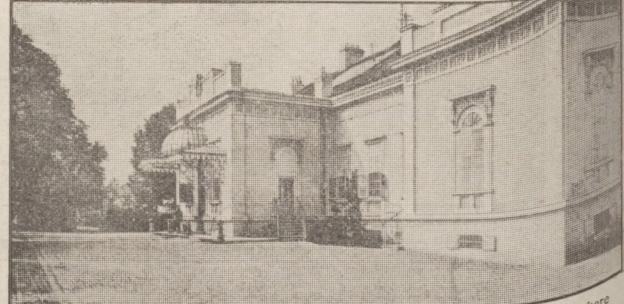
It is terrible to contemplate this needless sacrifice.

## THE ANTI-D. LEAGUE.

"The Anti-D. League" is the latest enterprise on the part of American society, with the object of eliminating the topics of "dress, domestic, and disease" from general conversation. Thus it is hoped that men will no longer find feminine "little-tattle" distasteful.

Another new society commenced active work

## THE LONELY PALACE.



The Konak where the royal pair met their deaths is now deserted. This is where their ghosts are said to walk.

face of life, but the remedy—to send round instructors at the ratepayers' expense—is not one likely to be altogether pleasing to Londoners.

## "ALL WHO ENTER HERE, MAY SWEAR."

Let us laugh! The congregation at the Wesleyan Chapel, Hanley, have already laughed immoderately over

yesterday. The servant-girl problem troubles the housewife in the United States even more than it does the matrons of this slow, old country. With the object of solving the difficulty the Women's Domestic Guild of America has been formed, and yesterday operations were commenced in a "skyscraper" in East Thirty-fourth-street, New York.

The registration fee for servants is to be charged shillings, and a similar amount is to be charged the employer on engagement. There will be



A Motor Car climbs the steps of the Crystal Palace. No chance of exceeding the speed limit on this road.

the following story, which a Mr. T. Edwards introduced into his discourse on Sunday night:

"I recently," he said, "asked a theological student whether any swearing took place in Wesleyan colleges when things went wrong. The student replied, 'We are not allowed to swear in college.'

"What does a student do when he wants to swear?" Mr. Edwards asked.

"The student replied, 'I will let you into a secret. Just outside our college grounds is a cave, in which an old man dwells. When students are very angry, and want to swear, they go to this old man, and, as they pass into the cave, hand him a penny, saying, 'Here, take this. I am going to have a pennyworth!'"

schools of cooking, waiting, and household duties generally, while branches will be established at Boston, Chicago, Washington, and Philadelphia.

## PROBLEM OF SPEED.

What was the speed at which Councillor Scarsbrick, the ex-Mayor of Southport, drove his motor-car? The magistrates were informed by a policeman yesterday that the rate was over twenty miles an hour. A cabman said that it was over forty, whereupon a fellow-cabman stepped forward and stated that the car was travelling at double the rate of an express train. Mr. Scarsbrick himself put it at ten miles.

The only clue to the riddle was a £5 fine.



## THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

## THE BEATIN'EST CHILD IN THE WORLD.

## THE DREAMING CITY.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Gay and Bird. 6s.)

"What's your folk's name?" asked Mr. Jeremiah Cobb, the driver of the Riverboro' stage, of his one and only passenger, who, all bright eyes and long, black, braided pig-tail, had just been safely encased in the seat beside him.

"Randall," promptly replied Rebecca, and launched out at once into an indirect but thoroughly illuminative explanation of how she came to be seeking the permanent hospitality of her maiden, but maternal, aunt Miranda. For, on the farm at home (to say nothing of the emigrating Miss Rebecca Rowena Randall herself) lived Hannah Lucy Randall, John Halifax Randall, Jenny Linda Randall, Marquis Randall, Fanny Ellsler Randall, Miranda Randall, and, lastly, Aurelia Randall, widow of Lorenzo de Medici Randall, deceased, and the mother of them all. "We are all," proceeded Rebecca, earnestly, "named after somebody in particular."

The reader will perhaps imagine Miranda as "taken out of" Shakespeare. In point of fact, however, she had been named, in a kind of forlorn hope of possible favours, after the Aunt Miranda Sweeny to whom Rebecca was now journeying. But the passing off upon her of "that wild one," as she dubbed Rebecca, in place of the demure Miranda, specially invited, was a pretty sore point with Aunt Miranda, who, if the truth must be told, was an entirely narrow and crabbed old lady.

## In Its Fourth Edition.

Rebecca, on the other hand, was expansive, "unexpected," and altogether the "beatin'est" child in the world. Long before reaching Riverboro' she had exchanged ideas with Mr. Cobb on Paris and the French, of whom she had a very neat conception. The geography book had explained them as "a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines" while the teacher, when pressed further with regard to light wines, had explained them as probably much resembling new cider, "or, maybe, ginger-pop."

Furnished with this data, Rebecca could always see Paris "as clear as day" by just shutting her eyes. Paris is where "the beautiful ladies are always gaily dancing around, with pink sunshades and head-purses, and the grand gentlemen are politely dancing and drinking ginger-pop." On this particular subject there is, unfortunately, no poem by Rebecca extant. It is a great pity, for she was a great poetess in her way.

From a neat copy of verses inspired by the thought of Syria as a mission field we can at least extract a couple of stanzas:

When first I saw the light  
In the Eastern land,  
Not Greenland's icy mountains,  
Nor India's coral strand.  
But some mysterious country  
Where men are nearly black,  
And where the true religion  
There is a painful lack.

Dear little Rebecca! no wonder your history is passing through its fourth edition.

## THE LAND OF BAD HOTELS.

Bombay has long been famous, or infamous, for its bad hotels. The Swiss, "the nation of hotel-keepers," have decided to reform all this, and a magnificent modern hotel, "The Taj Mahal," has just been opened in the great Indian city.

The cost of the building alone was £200,000. Except for the chef, who is French, the staff are all Swiss. This experiment, if successful, will be repeated in the chief towns in India.

## BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

## THE GREAT TOURNAMENT.

## COUPON No. 11.

(Double Dummy Bridge.)

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

Y	A	B	Z
♦ K.	♦ A, 7.		
♦ 9, 8, 7, 5, 3, 2.	♦ J, 10, 6, 4.		
♦ J, 10, 6, 3.	♦ K, Q, 8, 4.		
♦ K, J, 9.	♦ A, Q, 10.		
Y	A	B	Z
♦ K.	♦ Q, J, 10, 6, 2.		
♦ 9.	♦ A, Q.		
♦ A, 7, 6, 3.	♦ A, 7, 6, 3.		
♦ K, J, 9.	♦ 7, 3.		

Score: AB, love; YZ, 1 game and 22. Z deals and declares Spades. A leads ♦ J.

## THE PLAY.

(The winning card of each trick is underlined.)

Trick.	A	Y	B	Z
1.	♦ J	♦ Q	♦ A	♦ 2
2.	♦ K	♦ A	♦ 2	♦ 3
3.	♦ 9	♦ K	♦ 3	♦ 5
4.	♦ 10	♦ 4	♦ 6	♦ K
5.	♦ 9	♦ 10	♦ 3	♦ 2
6.	♦ 2	♦ 4	♦ Q	♦ 4
7.	♦ J	♦ Q	♦ 7	♦ 6
8.	♦ 3	♦ 6	♦ A	♦ 6
9.	♦ K	♦ A	♦ 6	♦ 8

Tricks 10-13. Y makes two clubs and the 8 of diamonds. B makes a heart.

RESULT: YZ, 10 tricks; AB, 3 tricks.

## COMMENTS.

Trick 1.—If B does not play the Ace, Y continues with ♦ K, and the play proceeds on exactly similar lines.

## CHANGES IN WINDSOR CASTLE GARDENS.

Plans have been prepared for extensive alterations in the slopes and gardens surrounding Windsor Castle below the terraces. More beautiful flower beds are to be laid out, and many of the old trees are to be cut down, as have several by the riverside and at Frogmore, in order that the view from the windows of the Castle may not be obscured.

The riverside drive will also be touched by the hand of the improver, and it is expected that the proposed alterations will take many months to carry out.

Queen Alexandra has always taken a keen interest in the Frogmore gardens, which have been greatly improved since King Edward came to the throne, and when the present alterations have been completed will probably be the finest royal gardens in the world.

## ROYAL GUESTS DEPART.

Many of the Windsor guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Argyll, and the Princess Louise, left the Castle yesterday morning.

The Princess Victoria, accompanied by Miss Knollys, went shopping in Windsor yesterday afternoon, and walked from the Castle down the main streets almost unnoticed.



## WINTER.

The spirit of Winter is upon you.  
Cold Winds, Cold Rains, Frosts,  
Thaws, and Damp Fogs prevail.  
Protect yourself by the regular  
use of

GÉRAUDEL'S  
Pastilles,

and so nullify the effects of this  
changeable wintry weather.

Let your lungs be filled with the  
vapour of Norwegian Pine Tar,  
which they give off whilst dis-  
solving in the mouth. The  
efficacy of Pine Tar in all affec-  
tions of the Throat and Lungs is  
well known. The best mode of  
applying it is by inhalation, and  
the mouth makes the best inhaler.

## ALL CHEMISTS SELL THEM.

72 in a Tube for 1½d.

Be Thankful if you haven't a cough or cold in  
these chilly, changeable days. But, if you have  
either cough or cold or any trouble with your  
lungs or vocal organs, be thankful for  
Géraudel's Pastilles. The real remedy for  
Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

## PING-PONG MORIBUND.

Evidence of the decay of ping-pong is shown in the newly-issued balance-sheet of the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor.

During the past year only 5s. 11d. was earned by this game, as against £14 in the previous year. Billiards declined when the rage for the little celluloid ball was at its height, but now the ivory ball has recovered its old pre-eminence, and the receipts for this year at the institute show that the frozen snow was more slippery, and to a part where they dashed into a cart which was passing, were soon being killed on the spot, and the other fatal, in

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## NORTHERNERS TO THE FORE.

The Southern Team Beaten in the International Trial—Racing at Windsor.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

the Post at Windsor and Elsewhere.

Newmarket photographer, Mr. H. H. H. is publishing five engravings of horses as Galopin, St. Simon, Perdita and Diamond Jubilee. They are for a Lightweight.

is at Newmarket a doubly "dark" horse, belonging to Lord Ellesmere. She is a bay by None the Wiser, and Lord Ellesmere once gave 7,200 guineas to the late Duchess of Montrose's stud was dis-

lived of horse racing during the Newmarket sportsmen are holding a foxhunting meeting on Monday over ground lent by the Hon. George

addition to John Porter's team of a garter belonging to Lord Arlington number in which his lordship is number to four. One of these is of St. Blaise, owned in partnership with Flor di Cuba, whose name appears in the entries for most of the important meetings, excluding the Lincoln contest.

Maiden Selling Hurdle Race performed to show that a trip to the ring was coming much too late, the popular "Early" who started at 20 to 1, vainly

Lured for miles, travelling twice the river before being stopped. His taken down by permission. Lyndon had "cut it" as usual in the run-in.

Squint II, saw the straight way three o'clock race, and Foxhill won Steeplechase, chief interest being the efforts of Azro and Shylock II.

and the post. Foxhill has a tube in his throat, won the Bucks Hurdle Race, after his mount at the first hurdle. San Jose was the only one to stretch all the way, and his chance this afternoon.

Time's Burden, that Mark Time had to carry 12st 7lb in Handicap Hurdle Race, while the backers looked elsewhere for the majority pinning their faith to Common, who had a stable companion in Club, who had the same race. A great surprise, and won in a canter from Joe

Common's securing third place.

many people wondered what sort best must be, seeing that he beat Vinton at Windsor earlier on, when it will be odds were laid on the latter. It is Mark Time is an excellent fencer.

the American jockey, who returns to the American, was at Windsor yesterday. He thinks Ajax is the best of Flying Fox's

and French Fox being "cubby."

## FINALS FOR TO-DAY.

WINDSOR. Hurdle—SAN JOSE. Steeplechase—F. H. BUCK UP. Hurdle—BUCK UP. Steeplechase—KEY WEST. Hurdle—THE AWAKENING. Steeplechase—LITTLE SISTER II. THE ARROW.

## RACING RETURNS.

MEETING.—MONDAY.

OPEN HURDLE RACE OF 70 lbs;

PATERSON, by Amphion—Reser-

T. Fitten 1. 2d JOSEPH, 4yrs, 10st 7lb Frequent- 3

ly Bury, aged 11st 9lb

G. Morris 2. 3d LADY BARKER, Pages' Nones, 5yrs, 10st 7lb

G. Morris 0. 4th EAST, 5yrs, 11st 4lb

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# COLONEL COURAUD, WHO GOVERNS THE SAHARA DESERT.

## A Pen and Pencil Picture of the American Prime Minister of Emperor Jacques Lebaudy the First.

Colonel Gouraud, an American, who was once associated with Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of Electricity, is the only man in England capable of governing the Sahara desert from the Savoy Hotel.

Colonel Gouraud is not only the Governor-General of the patent empire of Jacques Lebaudy, but is his Ambassador-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. The Court of St. James has not as yet recognised him, but is another story.

A very general sort of way, but it is agreed that the only manner in which it can be effectively used with it has some inhabitants. These are to be drummed up in large numbers, and as soon as the Emperor gets a shipload of subjects they will be scattered and dotted over the empire at appropriate intervals.

Colonel Gouraud has so many callers that he will waste his time that much of it is occupied in arranging not to see them. To make sure that only persons of importance get access to the Governor-General, a system of checks has been devised. A

must excuse my undress uniform, but I was at work all night with his Majesty the Emperor, and now, after two hours' sleep, I start the day again. Same every night."

"I wonder you can stand it, sir," I ventured.

"Tis marvellous; I'm the only man in the world that can do it. When I was on the Staff in the American war the general sent for me. I had not been in bed for eight nights. 'Special duty; don't trust anyone else,' he said. 'Gouraud wants no sleep; take a sergeant's guard and cut through the enemy's centre'—still I can't tell you the story now. Take a seat."

As there was nothing but the towel-horse left to sit on, I leaned against the mantelpiece. With a wave of his hand the Colonel introduced me to the other visitors at what he called his 'Petit Levée.' A colonel in the English Army, a general

of the Emperor's motives, and the gold for the dawn of the new Era. Splendid, isn't it?"

"Is that the Flag that was lost and there has been so much talk about?"

His Excellency's face dropped. "No," he replied, coldly, "that was a drawing on card of his Majesty's Flag that I lost. Can't think what I've done with it, unless I sent it away for a Christmas card."

"Well, your Sublime Excellency, will you tell the readers of the *Daily Mirror* a little about the Saharan?"

Then, taking a cigarette, and arranging himself more comfortably on the pillows, his Excellency began to talk of the Empire.

"It's an inexhaustible subject," he said. "The climate alone is worthy of another poem by friend

them. Lansdowne has replied, I expect, to my last. I was forced to put it rather strong. Sorry to worry them just now with this Japanese business, but it was necessary. Besides, they are all very decent to me at the Foreign Office. The porter is always most polite; knew me when I was in the phonograph business."

"Ah, yes," glancing at the letter, "as I thought. 'Note contents of my letter.' Very kind and attentive, I'm sure; they know there is no trifling with me. Talking of phonographs, I should like you to hear my collection of records; worth millions; no money could buy them. What's money compared to the voices of the dead?"

"Excuse me, your Excellency," said a page who had not noticed enter, "the cabman says do you want him to wait all day, as his horse is cold."

"How dare you come up with such a message," demanded his Excellency, in a voice of thunder. "You know if he wants to communicate with me he must fill in a form! Away!"

The boy fled.

"Where was I?" and he sank wearily back on his pillows.

"Please, your Excellency, need I wait?" asked Captain Kettle.

The Governor-General looked at him with a look that would freeze a hot potato. "No, though I should have thought, captain, you would have liked to improve your mind."

### Honour Better than Salary.

Captain Kettle bowed himself out, muttering something about his dinner. For a moment there was a silence in the room.

The Commander-in-Chief broke it. "Has his Majesty said anything definite about our appointments yet?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You see, I mentioned it, but he did not continue the conversation, and what could I do? You must not continue a subject that's distasteful with royalty."

"That's all very well," replied the soldier, "but I should like to know where I am."

"Where are you, indeed," demanded his Excellency, "why, in the service of the greatest and freest monarch in the world."

"Greater than all monarchs, who have inherited their crowns. He's made his, and carved his name in the sands of time. What is salary to such a position?"

Finding the air somewhat disturbed, I presumably enquired if there was any chance of seeing his Majesty.

"Certainly not," exclaimed his Excellency, "he hates Pressmen, and objects to their seeing him. But I am an old Pressman myself."

"What paper did you write for?"

"All papers; the 'Express' principally, and, though I always take it, it's not the paper it was when I wrote for it."

"And you've given up writing?"

"Not at all. My book is coming out shortly, entitled 'From Pauper to Prime Minister, or Fingerposts and Turnings.' Wonderful book! I expect the 'Times' will sell it in the same way as the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.' Everybody ought to have a copy, it's a liberal education."

"Can you give me a photo of yourself for the *Daily Mirror*?"

"I'm afraid not; but you say my features are very similar to Cecil Rhodes!"

"Oh, much finer, your Excellency," interjected the Poet Laureate.

"Well, perhaps so," pulling the ends of his moustaches; "but we Empire makers are all cast in the same mould."

The Governor-General is organising the First



"Kindly give his Excellency my card."

Colonel Gouraud must be filled up by him who craves assistance. These forms are supplied in large quantities to the waiters and major-domos of the Savoy Hotel, who produce a bunch of them whenever you see a guest any symptoms of want.

"You're just in time," said the Governor-General; "the Colonel is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Sahara. We are discussing the new uniform for the Imperial Guards."

"Here Woodhouse," he said to the tame Poet Laureate, "show Mr. Mirror the flag of the greatest and freest Empire of which I have ever heard."

The flag is about as far as they have got, besides an Emperor, a Governor-General, and a Poet Laureate. With a rapidity that showed how well he was trained, the Poet Laureate waved it in the air.

It was a lovely blue flag with a crescent and a gold star upon it.

"You see the emblematic meaning," observed the Governor-General, speaking as of something very obvious.

"I'm afraid I don't," I said.

"Tut, tut, it's easy enough," exclaimed his Excellency.

Precautions taken to ward off bores.

Colonel Gouraud, the lair of the Governor-General.

The serving-man then threw open the door of his room, and in a moment the *Daily Mirror* was in the presence of his Excellency.

Although (he writes) the winter sun was shining brightly outside, the room was lighted by electric light, the heavy crimson curtains excluding every ray of light. The room seemed full of people, the occupant, a magnificent figure of a man (it is true Oriental indolence on his divan (it

A highly embroidered dressing-gown was thrown over his shoulders, and his nether limbs were covered, but afterwards proved to be pyjamas. He is extremely handsome face; his white hair is

grey, and his middle and brushed with the utmost care. A carefully shaded pink lamp hung on the corner of the bed (divan) threw a soft light on the curtains, leaving the rest of the company slightly

Colonel Gouraud was holding the centre of the card. "Ah, Mr. Mirror, glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "You



Uniform of the "Chasseurs d'Afrique" (Lebaudy edition).

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# Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

## CHAPTER LIII. Continued.

"How do you know?" the young man asked. "You have never suffered; you are always the same; nothing moves you; you look at everything from a superior height. 'No, you have never suffered.'

"Because," said the priest, speaking in a low voice, with a strange note in it, that Philip had never heard before, "I have deliberately avoided all the things that made your happiness, and, now that you are about to lose them, plunge you into despair. I chose a different path. But—"

"His mind is at peace," thought the priest; and blamed himself for having even given a thought to the difficulties and disadvantages of this act of repentence and atonement.

But Sir John's first words were startling in their absolute quiet joyousness.

"Did you ever see such a glorious summer evening, Lyle?" he asked. "I'm thinking of going for a drive to-morrow. I've stayed in too much since I came here."

"I thought there was something you wanted to say to me." The priest's voice trembled between his imagination and the reality was such a shock to his nerves that he actually found himself wondering whether he could have heard aright.

A shadow swept over Sir John's face; then his expression grew eager, and he leaned forward in his chair. The younger man's amazement grew with every moment, for before him he saw his friend as he had first known him, dowered with youthfulness of mind that is the world's gift to those who have been vitally interested in all that passes on its surface, and below it, and in the vast spaces through which it spins.

"Lyle," said the older man, "you remind me— a most extraordinary thing has happened to me. Just now I was talking to Philip—he was angry—it must have been about something that displeased him—I know it was something that I wanted to do. But, Lyle, I have clean forgotten it; and I have such a peculiar feeling, as if everything had just started again, as if something had been blotted out. Lyle, I must be losing my memory—losing my memory. It is a bad, bad sign—and I always hoped I might retain all my faculties to the end."

His voice grew vaguer. "But the strange thing is that I am absolutely certain it was something of great importance—vital importance, I believe. But, of course, Philip will remember. I am sure he was very angry, but I can't understand it; for I should not be likely to say anything that would hurt or displease him. He is the apple of my eye. It must be another trick of this poor memory of mine. But the thing disturbs me. Will you go to Philip, Lyle, and ask him to come here and

tell him that his son bids him good-bye."

"I will carry no such cruel message. You cannot mean it. I implore you to think—"

He moved towards the young man, and tried to hold his wild, despairing eyes with his own compelling gaze; but Philip was impervious.

"I don't want to talk to you any more," he said.

"Hush!—Please go!"

"Captain Chesney—"

"I don't want to have to turn you out," was the savage retort; "but if you don't go, I swear I will."

"There is nothing for me, then, but to pray for you."

"I don't care what you do. You'll be sorry when I'm dead!"

Patrick Lyle stood for a moment at the door. His fine eyes were filled with a great personal

dogma of the Church in the strictest and narrowest sense; yet he had the gift—which often proves fatal to a man's peace of mind—of being compelled to see the two sides of every question. And thus there was no anomaly in the fact that a man such as he should view with dismay the necessity of urging his friend to take this step that would produce nothing less than a convulsion in the world, but should not hesitate to urge it with all the strength and passion and authority of which he was capable.

He found Sir John sitting by his open window. There was no sign of a violent awakening in the old man's face; he looked perfectly happy and perfectly calm; and all the distressing symptoms of the last few days, the apathy and dark brooding, and the fear of death, appeared to have vanished as if by magic.

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"I thought there was something you wanted to say to me." The priest's voice trembled between his imagination and the reality was such a shock to his nerves that he actually found himself wondering whether he could have heard aright.

A shadow swept over Sir John's face; then his expression grew eager, and he leaned forward in his chair. The younger man's amazement grew with every moment, for before him he saw his friend as he had first known him, dowered with youthfulness of mind that is the world's gift to those who have been vitally interested in all that passes on its surface, and below it, and in the vast spaces through which it spins.

"Lyle," said the older man, "you remind me— a most extraordinary thing has happened to me. Just now I was talking to Philip—he was angry—it must have been about something that displeased him—I know it was something that I wanted to do. But, Lyle, I have clean forgotten it; and I have such a peculiar feeling, as if everything had just started again, as if something had been blotted out. Lyle, I must be losing my memory—losing my memory. It is a bad, bad sign—and I always hoped I might retain all my faculties to the end."

His voice grew vaguer. "But the strange thing is that I am absolutely certain it was something of great importance—vital importance, I believe. But, of course, Philip will remember. I am sure he was very angry, but I can't understand it; for I should not be likely to say anything that would hurt or displease him. He is the apple of my eye. It must be another trick of this poor memory of mine. But the thing disturbs me. Will you go to Philip, Lyle, and ask him to come here and

tell him that his son bids him good-bye."

"I will carry no such cruel message. You cannot mean it. I implore you to think—"

"Shut up that box, Captain Chesney," said Lyle, sternly. "You don't suppose that I would have left you, if I had imagined for a moment that you meant—"

"Ah! you thought me a coward!"

"No, I believed you to be a man."

"Why have you come?"

"Your father—"

"What? You saw that I was right—you saw how cruel and unjust and unpardonable it would be—?" He broke off; his flushed face paled before the priest's white grave face.

"No, Captain Chesney," was the quiet answer. "I have come to tell you that your father has again—forgotten."

"Thank God!" The cry came from the depths of the young man's heart.

"Do not thank God," was the gentle rejoinder, "unless you can thank Him with a humble heart for a cross that He may have sent to try you."

"What do you mean?" There was little humility in Philip's flashing eyes.

## THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a "kink." It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, to the richest and deepest black, hair that is wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others, and perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightness which is never prepossessing and which not infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in this matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road open for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would defly the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of Hinde's "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh and artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely spoilt if it is overdone. The object in waving is not to get the hair as much into the form of an unexploded "Back Wrapper" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be both graceful and artistic. There are few things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been overwaved to the extent alluded to. When waved with the help of "Hinde's Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.



With the No. 11 Waver the hair is plaited over and under, as shown in the accompanying sketch. One movement is to be remembered. One movement is to be remembered when waving the hair always commence near the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the point of the hair.



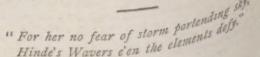
No. 14 is much simpler and equally effective. Waver. With this you simply and equally effect a hair and roll the hair round and round for the length you require to wave, giving the hair a wave throughout. If the hair is rolled round loose and flat the wave will not be a success.



No. 18 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is considerably lighter, being composed of a frame of very thin wire, with a centre bar of tortoiseshell.



No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most curiously designed to give the long French wave so much more effect at present. It is an excellent waver and very longer of the life of the wave, it is used after the hair is secured in place and after it is used, it is then laid flat, when the hair is two or three times inserted in the required position and when No. 19 is inserted for ten or fifteen minutes will give to the hair quite the appearance of having just left the hairdresser's hands.



"For her no fear of storm parting thy Hinde's Wavers 'e'en the elements def."

It is necessary to see that you get "Hinde's" as foreign crude made imitations are sometimes offered.

The late Lord Justice Chitty, Q.C., recently on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., residing in the Strand, and a patentee in the "Hinde's Wavers," has brought a suit for damages against Mrs. Nobbs, a lady nurse, who had suffered damage by such misrepresentations. Ladies are urged to note that no other waver is made in England or Ireland, unless that bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed on them.

Hinde's are sold in boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms.

HINDE'S, LIMITED, Patentees and Manufacturers of Articles for the Dressing Table, Metallic Works, Birmingham, and 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

Our NEW SERIAL, BEGINNING THURSDAY NEXT, is from the pen of

## MR. WILSON BARRETT,

Actor-manager and Author of "The Sign of the Cross," "The Daughters of Babylon," and the Creator of the title-role in "The Silver King."

It is called

## "THE PATH OF THE PRODIGAL."

The Story of a Deadly Sin and Its Atonement.

tenderness. Philip stood motionless, with his back turned.

The priest sighed and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Before he went to Sir John, he knelt down in his own room.

Philip's words rang in his ears. "You'll be sorry when I'm dead!" It was the parting shot of a passionate child, rather than the solemn determination of a man. He did not believe that Philip Chesney would take his life; but he was sorely disturbed, for the ordeal was severe through which his friend must pass, with those who belonged to him.

"Oh, give me guidance," he prayed to his God, "and turn my heart, for if I believed he really meant this, the choice would be the most difficult that thy humble and unworthy servant was ever called upon to make. And thou, oh Holy Mother, watch over him and protect him for the sake of the woman who loves him, and who is not here to comfort and strengthen him in this hour of need."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Patrick Lyle rose from his knees, he made his way, with intense and painful misgivings, to Sir John's private sitting-room.

It could not be disguised that his task was intensely distasteful to him. If he had turned his deaf ear to all the arguments that Philip Chesney had put forth on his side, it was not because he did not see the force of them, but because he could not allow himself to. It seemed to him one of the most difficult positions that could be imagined, and an absolute and literal example of the dictum that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children. And yet, from his own point of view, the task was simplicity itself. There was only one thing he could do, and that was to urge the necessity for confessing and atonement. But it went sorely against the grain, for he saw clearly what a terrible crash this edifice so firmly established would make in its falling, and he saw what a severe loss it would be to his Church. And he was not one of those who found, as many priests have done, a proud and passionate joy in serving the will of the Church upon those over whom he had spiritual control. He was at heart an individualist; and therefore had never had much vocation as a confessor. Deep down in his heart he had a hidden and unexpected conviction that every soul should make its own peace with God. But this he stilled as an unworthy prompting of nature, and as treason to his office. But there was no more loyal son of the Church.

It was a mind of many and contradictory aspects. His ideal, perhaps, would have been a secluded life dedicated to art and scholarship; yet he was a supremely polished man of the world; he was no fanatic, and yet he had been fanatical in his arguments with "Quo Vadis"; he was an ardent supporter of the teaching and

set my mind at rest? It is really very foolish of me—?" He broke off, muttering a little indistinctly. And then suddenly a bright light flashed into his blue eyes.

"Good God!" he cried, in a clear and intensely shocked voice. "Is it true? Something came back to me just then. Is it true, Lyle, or did I dream it? Is poor Clowes dead—really dead?"

The priest was speechless. He nodded his head.

"Poor Clowes! Who would have thought that he would go first, and so suddenly—it was sudden, wasn't it?"

"I believe—very sudden," answered the priest; and then he added with deep emphasis—"Lord Clowes is dead, and—your are his successor!"

But the word had no sort of effect on Sir John. "Yes, I know," he said, almost impatiently for him; "but isn't the time to talk of that now, Lyle. Poor Clowes, I am very grieved; I would that he had outlived me, he and his son, and his son's sons. I do not care for greatness, or large responsibilities; you ought to know that, Lyle, my friend."

So Patrick Lyle found himself actually rebuked into his thoughts on the glories of the world; and he was in no mood to see the grim irony of the situation. He had not yet recovered from his amazement; he was absolutely at sea.

"I can't think of anything but this extraordinary thing that has happened to me," Sir John continued. "I seem to remember that I actually felt the moment when something stopped; and before that all is a blank—between that moment and this morning all is a blank. It is a terrible thing to me, Lyle. I have always thought it a most terrible affliction to lose one's memory. Sometimes I couldn't remember who painted a certain picture or in which gallery it hung; and it annoyed me immensely. But I must try to bear it patiently."

Inwardly the priest groaned. The scene was beginning to assume an enormous and heartrending pathos in his eyes.

"Yes, I must learn to bear it," Sir John's voice was surprisingly youthful and animated. "You must help me, Lyle. To lose one's memory! It puts one so out of touch with the world."

"But your friends," said the priest—he said it almost against his will—"your friends will be there to remind you."

"Yes," admitted the older man, fretfully, "but that is not the same thing. I must have my mind satisfied on the point. Lyle, please go and call Philip!"

The priest went slowly out of the room. He was absolutely bewildered. What strange physiological process had taken place in his old friend's brain? This was a reproduction of that other loss of memory, and yet not quite a reproduction, for a year ago the sudden darkness that had fallen on his mind had left him a physical wreck; he had been high into death, and during the early days of his convalescence his mind had

"I mean that, as he has forgotten, he must be reminded."

"Bab! Are you going to begin all over again? All these months he has forgotten, and you have not said that he ought to be reminded."

"I did not see my duty so plainly. Listen, Captain Chesney, he has sent for you. When I went in to him, I saw at once that something was the matter. He remarked on the weather. Then he told me that he had suffered an extraordinary loss of memory. He had been talking to you and seemed to remember that he had angered you, but what about he could not possibly recall. He harped a great deal on his loss of memory. Then he suddenly remembered that Lord Clowes was dead; but that did not seem to recall other things to him. He asked me to call you. He said you would be sure to remember what he was talking about. He is not quite the same as he was last year."

"You mean he is not ill?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"It has not upset him so much."

"No—he does not seem ill; on the contrary, I thought he seemed younger. And the loss of memory does not seem so painful to him; he seems rather irritated than disturbed."

"It seems Fate has some sense of decency," said Philip. "He spoke coolly, but eyed the priest with some uncertainty. "But what is it you want to say to this?" What is it that you want to say to me?"

"That you cannot take advantage a second time of your father's loss of memory. It is your duty, Captain Chesney, to enlighten him. He will ask you, and you must do it."

The priest was not prepared for what followed. Philip turned on him suddenly. His face was ashen pale; his eyes blazed.

"What has it got to do with you?" he cried. "Haven't you got enough harm already? I won't be dictated to by you, or by anyone—I won't have you interfering any more. I forgo you to, it's not your business. It's quite enough that you've robbed me of my father's affection, that you've won him over until he thinks of nothing but the Church—and done it all by degrees, without anyone noticing that you were doing it—like the hypocritical Jesuit that you are! I say I've had enough of it. I won't stand by while you ruin us all! If you're so mean that you worm out an old man's secrets in the confessional, and then use them to disgrace and shame him and his family, I'll just see that you don't do it. I forbid you to have anything more to do with him. I'll turn you out of the house. I'll—" For a moment he grew quite inarticulate in his rage, and then recovered himself, and said many more rude and insolent and unpardonable things; and to all of them Patrick Lyle listened unmoved, which calmness was perhaps the result of that rare gift of his of being able to see two sides of a question.

To be continued.



The articles advertised in these columns are not shown at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

## Dress.

A HANDSOME Visiting Gown of magenta-green, with green voile over silk pleated flounces and bolero bodice, swathed belt; trimmed silk embroidery and fern lace; 22, 40; £3 15s.-Write 3225, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A AMAZING Offer.—As an advertisement we will send a real for Mufl, white colour, 3s. 11d.; real marmot Necklet, 2s. 11d.; white Thibet Necklet, 2s. 6d.; white foxglove Necklet, 2s. 11d.; tipped with marmot; 2s. 11d.; double; cash refunded if not approved.—Hartley's Warehouse, Armitage Leeds.

A N Elegant cream Duchesse satin Evening Gown, Princess style; West End make; 24, 43; 2s. guineas.—Write 3270, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant Open Cloak of ivory and blue, with broad handsome collar; lined with blue; frills; 2s. 6d.; 2s. 11d.; cost 2s. guineas; take £4.—Write 3235, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N elegant Evening Gown of cream mouse-line de soie, handsome lace flounces looped with pink; lace trimmings; bodice; medium size; 2s. guineas.—Write 3260, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N exquisite Ball Gown of pale blue crepe de Chine; three-tier skirt with spots embroidered in white lace; face gold and panel; 24, 43; 2s. 6d.; cost 2s. guineas; take £4.—Write 3238, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BARGAIN.—Marmot Mufl and long Necklet; with tails, 2s. 6d.; worth 6s.; carcass Mufl and Necklet, 9s.; sealskin Bag Mufl, satin lined, 2s. 6d.; cost 2s.; approval—Beatrice, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham-road.

BARGAIN.—New Scollop Jockey; latest sacque; double-breasted; with narrow storm collar; £1.5s.; also mink marmot long Stole, 14s.; 6d.; cost 42s.; approval—B. 43a, Clapham-road.

BEAUTIFUL Empire Opera Cloak of pale blue crepe de Chine; three-tier skirt with spots embroidered in white lace; face gold and panel; 24, 43; 2s. 6d.; cost 2s. guineas; take £4.—Write 3198, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL sleeveless Tea-Cost of emerald velvet, trimmed dull gold passementerie; lined gold satin; 2s. 6d.—Write 3226, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Brussels net lace Coffee Gown, with blue turquiose velvet stole ends; cost 3s. 6d.; take 21s.—Write 3205, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL Semi-evening Gown of black crepe de Chine, with velvet pastilles and guipure lace; charming bodices; 25, 42; £2 15s.—Write 3250, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BLACK cat-ear Jacket to waist, tight-fitting; suit ston't figure, good condition; 2s. 15s.; long black cloth Coat, handsome écrù lace; insertion; good; lining taken out; bol sleeves; 2s. 6d.; cost 2s. 6d.—Write 3209, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BOLERO Costume of small check material, cape, collar, and cuffs of black cloth; very smart; small size; 2s. 6d.—Write 3233, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BOLERO Costume of pale grey herringbone tweed; short skirt; bolero coat; quite good; 2s. 6d.; cost 2s. 6d.—Write 3277, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING black crepe de Chine accented; pleated Semi-evening Gown; trimmed lace, frills edged lace on skirt and sleeves; 2s. 6d.—Write 3221, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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CHARMING embroidered pink silk Blouse; very fine tucks to elbow of sleeves; quite good; small size; 10s. 6d.—Write 3188, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING eau de Nil crêpe de Chine Blouse; gauged yoke and sleeves with hand-knotted bows; 2s. 6d.—Write 3217, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING bust cloth Gown, trimmed fur and velvet applique; three flounces to skirt; quite good; 26, 42; £5s.—Write 3225, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING black chemise edged real astrachan; Picture Hat; large black ostrich feathers; small ornamental; cost 4 guineas; accept 3s.—Write 3232, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

CHARMING Princess Gown of dark blue cloth; skirt and bodice trimmed silk; fringe; sleeve frills of lace; excellent condition; size 24, 40; £2 15s.—Write 3227, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY black Costume (pleated) of grey-blue frieze; trimmed blue and white; chintz applique and tassels; 24, 42; 2s. 6d.—Write 3279, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream Cashmere Semi-Evening Gown; beautifully trimmed; good dress-maker; scarcely soiled; 22, 40; 2s. 6d.—Write 3202, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream and blue-spotted silk Slip; 12s. 6d. medium; Write 3171, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY dark blue frieze military Coat, red cloth piping; 15s.—Write 3272, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY dark blue serge Outdoor Costume, large collar of lace trimmed Russian braid; 24, 40; 2s. 6d.—Write 3182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream crepe de Chine Blouse; worn 23 waist, 24, 40; £2 15s.—Write 3200, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream Cashmere Semi-Evening Gown; beautifully trimmed; good dress-maker; scarcely soiled; 22, 40; 2s. 6d.—Write 3202, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY cream and blue-spotted silk Slip; 12s. 6d. medium; Write 3171, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY dark blue frieze military Coat, red cloth piping; 15s.—Write 3272, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAINTY dark blue serge Outdoor Costume, large collar of lace trimmed Russian braid; 24, 40; 2s. 6d.—Write 3182, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE smart Visiting Gown of white satin; turquoise panné Empire belt and trimmings; 24, 40; £2 15s.—Write 3229, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

EXQUISITE lace Gown mounted over white satin; turquoise panné Empire belt and trimmings; 24, 40; £2 15s.—Write 3184, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FANCY black cloth Costume, strapped with plain lace; 2s. 6d.—Write 3225, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE black silk brocade Empire Evening Coat, lined silk; ostrich ribbon; frills; tail figure; 3 guineas.—Write 3275, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE black lace Costume, strapped with plain lace; 2s. 6d.—Write 3208, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE black lace Costume, strapped with plain lace; 2s. 6d.—Write 3208, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FASHIONABLE black lace Costume, strapped with plain lace; 2s. 6d.—Write 3208, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FINE quality black Persian lamb Necklette and Mufl, lined satin; 3s. guineas.—Write 3250, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

## DAILY BARGAINS. Advertisement Rates 12 words or less Is. (d. per word afterwards.)

FREE—Lady's dainty cambric Handkerchief postage paid; 1s. 6d.—Write 3241, "The British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London."

FRENCH model Tea-Gown of rose-pink silk; handsome lace zonanz and sleeves, lace trimmings; quite fresh; £4 4s.—Write 3186, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FUR—Kolnsky sable long, caped coat, long; 2s. 11d.; will take 19s.—Write 3284, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar Necklet, lace and Mufl; beautiful real Russian sable; worth £4 4s.; never worn; 12s. 6d.—Write 3186, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GIRL'S Party Frock (about 14) of pale blue silk; Chintz; lace trimmings; 2s. 6d.—Write 3224, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GOOD tailor—Cycling Costume, safety skirt coat lined satin, dark grey cloth; medium size; 2s. 6d.—Write 3276, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GRAY hockspur Russian Coat and Skirt, grey silk blouse to match, costume strapped silk; well made; 23, 39; 45s., complete.—Write 3274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HABITS—Special Sale until February 1st of all model riding habits, ordinary and safety neck; Kirkin breeches; coats, etc., complete with lined riding garments for the Coming at moderate prices; £1. 10s. 6d.—H. Gutteridge, Son, Ladies Tailors, 8, Hanover-street, Regent-street, London.

HANDBAG—Afternoon Gown of pale blue crepe de Chine; three-tier skirt with spots embroidered in white lace; face gold and panel; 24, 43; 2s. 6d.—Write 3262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HANDBAG—white fox set, large Mufl and Necklet; complete, head and tail; 6 guinea.—Write 3281, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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PERFECTLY new; pale blue silk Petticoat postage paid; 1s. 6d.—Write 3240, "The British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London."

PRETTY dark red Costume for girl about 12; box-pleated skirt, trimmed lace and velvet; 1s.—Write 3224, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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STYLISH biscuit-face cloth "trottoir" Cosplay, 1s.—Write 3205, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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